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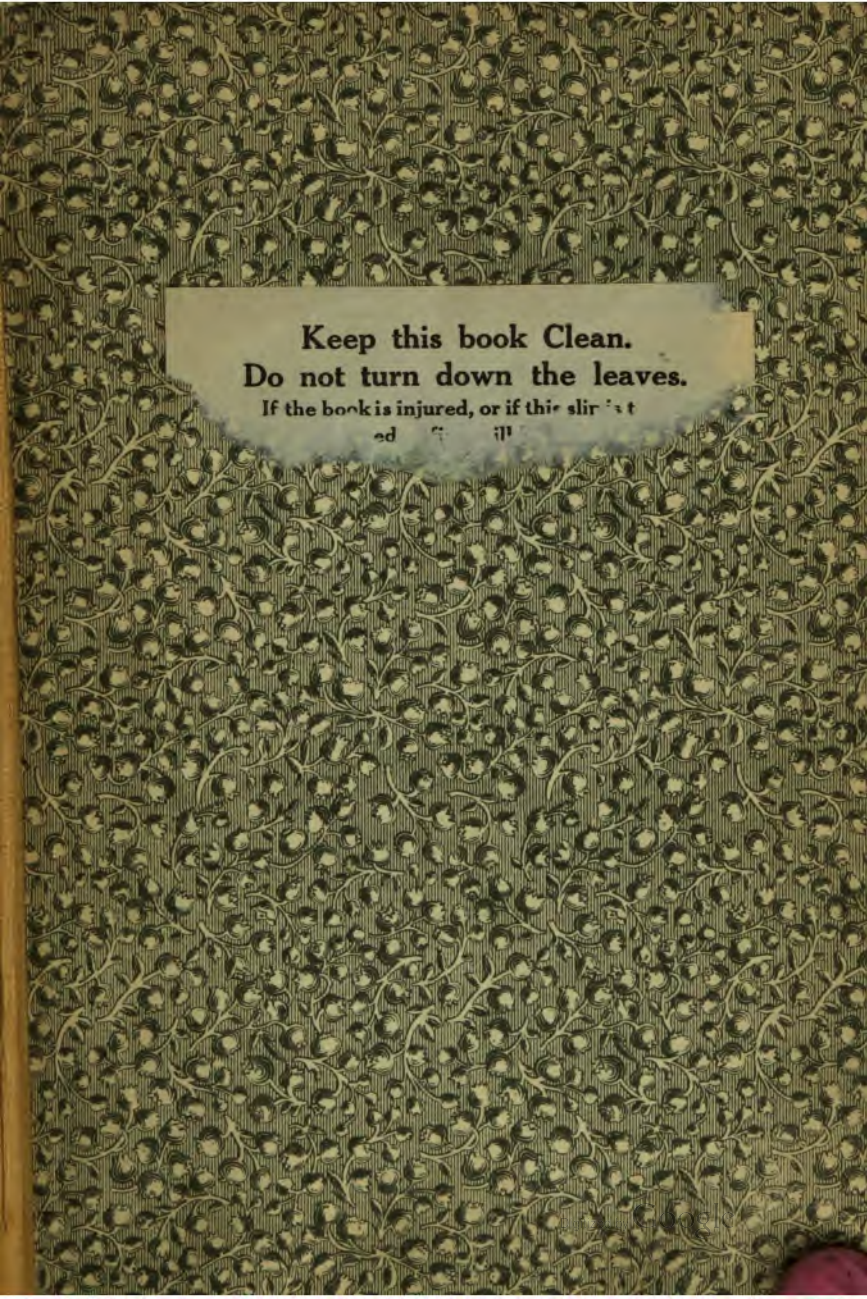
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OPPORTUNITIES

FOR CULTURE

BY

JEANNETTE M. DOUGHERTY

NEW YORK: 46 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY

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The highest culture has a direct tendency to command sincerity in others.

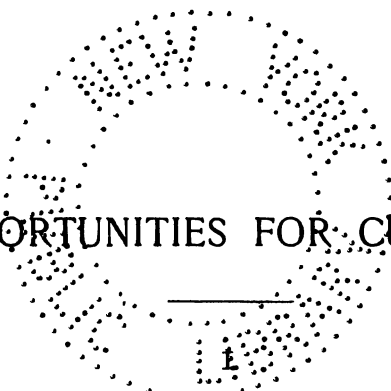
PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

• Culture seeks to make the best that has been thought and known current everywhere.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

• Culture sets before a man a high ideal end to aim at, which enters in and controls his life.

PROF. J. G. SCHAIER.



OPPORTUNITIES FOR CULTURE.

SOME NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES FOR CULTURE.

"THERE is no opportunity for Fred and myself. No matter how earnestly we desire culture, it is simply beyond us. We are fixed in a monotonous round of duties, and tied to that poky little town, which is a thousand times worse than Hamlin Garland's bleak western prairies."

I turned to look at the fair speaker whose fragment of conversation had come to me through the rumble and noise of the suburban train rushing into the city. At that moment the brakeman called Central Station, and I lost sight of the young woman and her companion as they pushed their way into the hurrying throng. Her words, however, would not leave me. I knew her view was all wrong, but the truth lay in the fact that this was not an isolated case. The young woman had unconsciously voiced the sentiment of a host of young people, who, desiring culture, feel that it is hopelessly beyond their reach. "Fixed in a monotonous round," the very words seem fatal to the advancement of self and to the higher enjoyment of life.

What is this desirable attainment called culture, whose price is above rubies? and where is it to be found?

Wherein lies the polishing that alone can bring lustre into human life? Where are the schools of culture? Who are the culturists? These questions confront young people who want to make the most of themselves, and to know "What is Worth While." The answer to this questioning has been so bewildering that, like the young woman on the morning train, they have been compelled to say, "Culture is not for me, nor is it to be found in the place where my life is set." The luminous truth in regard to culture is the fact that it is the "oil of gladness" to be poured into every human life. It is the happy possession of all; and any who perseveringly seek may come to their rightful heritage.

In the common acceptance of the word, culture stands for education, travel, leisure, and not indirectly, wealth, — exclusively for outward adorning and for earth's favored few of affluence. In the broader meaning, culture stands for the development of all the faculties and gifts of the individual, independent of the manner in which it is brought about. True culture recognizes that our life has a spiritual interpretation, and sees the interrelation of the spiritual to the material. Often the things that count for culture in the usual rendering of the word are wholly lacking in the acquirement of culture in its deeper significance. All the various shades of meaning given the term, when sifted down must stand for one of two things, — real and artificial culture. The artificial leads into a labyrinth of perplexities. It is the real we have to do with.

Mr. Dawson, in "Quest and Vision," aptly says, "The zeal for culture, either in the limited sense of the passage or in the larger meaning of the word, has become a devouring passion of the nineteenth century." Every writer, lecturer, and benefactor of humanity in every

known and unknown calling (and the demand for culture has created many new professions), holds out his or her vista of culture. These are all right in their places, and for the favored few who can avail themselves of the privileges offered. But we are concerned with the neglected opportunities for culture... The things that make up the uneventful days in the village or in the whirl and rush of the cities' intense activities, — the absorbing cares and duties wherever found. The culture we desire is that quality of life that will generate "sweetness and light" in the narrowest circumstances. Professor Shairp, in lecturing to his Scottish students, said, "Culture is the inducing or drawing forth of all that is potentially in a man, — training all the energies and capacities of his being to their highest pitch and to their true ends. To do this requires the discipline carried on in one's self, — forming of habits to overcome evil, strengthening that which is good." The needs of the human heart are as many as the sands of the beach. The means of culture are as manifold as the wants to which it ministers; and its conditions are with us, around us, within us. Culture leads to so joyous a life, and its intrinsic value is in its assurance that no change of outward circumstances is necessary for the individual to acquire it. No running away from country village for foreign travel. No neglect of home duties or shifting of responsibilities. Whatever the things at hand, these are as acceptable for culture as Vassar, Yale, and summers on the Continent.

The great neglected opportunity of culture is the failure of the individual to adjust himself to his own existing environment, and to seek culture therein. To trust in the significance of the present, and believe that its issues are vital. It is not larger opportunities we

need, but a keener perception to see that the present holds the development of ourselves that we crave. Seek in your surroundings the harmonious adjustment of yourself to the incidents of your daily life. Put into it the pure, sweet spirit that is strong enough to believe in the good, the true, and the beautiful, and to find them in the common things of the day. Your trial lies in the place where your life is set. But there is also the potency of culture in the overcoming of difficulties, elevating your thoughts and purposes till you mount upon higher planes of living. Do not say another has larger opportunities. There are no larger opportunities, except as the individual makes them for himself. Do not say another has greater privileges. There are no opportune occasions, except as the individual makes them for himself. The fountain of universal knowledge, love, and truth is open to all alike. It rests with ourselves whether we carry to this spring of living water a broken cup or a deep-mouthed pitcher. Accept the place of your environment. It has been given to you without thought or wish upon your part. Receive it, then, as a royal gift. Love the duties that it holds. Use the advantages that it offers, and have faith in their essential relation to the noble development of your character. No matter how small the circumference of your circle, you will find your sympathies and interests expanding until your orbit has become part of that which encircles the universe and your fellowship extended to all humanity. Have faith in your environment, and believe that it holds (for it truly does) the ultimate good for your enriched life and happiness.

We need to bring into the present a higher ideal of life. The ideal is the governing aim or purpose; that principle of life which functions first in one act and then

in another. We each have an ideal implanted in the centre of our being, whether or no we will see and accept it. But its divine presence reveals our need of a definite aim and purpose in our lives to guide us through the perplexities that meet us on every side. You have an ideal that naturally belongs to you,—that your nature, with its unique personality (unique because there is no other like it), your individual tastes and desires have created. An ideal that belongs to you alone, and is shaped, measured, and determined, by your peculiar surroundings. The brightest as well as the most practical thing you can do is to find out what your ideal is, and, by harmoniously adjusting yourself to the facts around you, work out in the outward conditions your inward aspirations. To find one's ideal, to unfold yourself, to work what you have the faculty for, this, says Carlyle, is for the human being the first law of our existence. He does not forget to add that it has always been the hardest problem to find by study of ourselves, and the ground we stand on, what our inward and outward capability specialty is.

To have an ideal does not necessarily mean a particular calling or vocation, nor does it mean to be always occupied with dreaming dreams and seeing visions. But it does mean that noble aim and high standard of life that is necessary to attain any degree of worth. It does not mean an enthusiasm that will joyfully do what you enjoy, and neglect what you dislike. But it does mean an exaltation of living that will flow through all the channels of your activities. It is never what you do, but how you do it. It is never the labor of your hands, but the thought back of the task, that determines the quality of the work, and stamps it with the rank of the individual. Find your ideal. Centralize your

thought in it, hold it ever and always before you. When you have definitely set out to do this, you will be surprised how currents of helpful thoughts and influences will immediately begin to flow towards that centre. It is true that ideals that are clear and bright in the morning grow dim at noon and by evening fade away. But do not be discouraged. Bring your ideal again and again before you, until you can hold it there, and make it real in the activities of the day. It lies in our own power what we may become.

Every task or incident of the day has in it the two elements of activity, the spiritual and material. It rests with ourselves to bring a spiritual perception into daily living. To put love, patience, beauty, and truth into our thought, and find their reaction or complementary virtues in the material work of the hands. Try to understand yourself; hear Tennyson as he sings, "Self-knowledge, self-reverence, and self-control. These three alone lead life to sovereign power." No young manhood, no young womanhood, is strong for the world until it knows something of its own strength and weakness. Whatever of good you desire, it is with you now. Whatever you wish to become, you may be that now. Do not be afraid to look into your own heart; the thing that will surprise you most will be its realm of undreamed good. Your smallest task or humblest service may be so full of goodness that it will be wealth poured into the world's treasure-house of good. Your daily occupations may link themselves with those forces that count for the advancing kingdom of truth and righteousness that is being established on the earth. Find your ideal in the present. Cherish it in your heart. Have faith in it to lead you to the sunlit slopes of your environment.

In our learning patience, and being true to the duties

that hold us, often lies the solution to problems in our life's experience. To do one's duty is a means of culture not to be despised. Duty always lies right at hand, within touch; and the duty that lies nearest is the one through which we are sure of culture, for we grow where we work. If we would change our plea from "I want to be happy," to "I want to be useful," we would find with Teufelsdröckh something higher than happiness, a "blessedness wherein all contradiction is solved." Duty is the hard brown kernel that holds the germ and seed of perfect flower. The faithful performance of duty, no matter how trivial or monotonous it may seem, holds the unfolding of perfected human life in all its beauty and fragrance, with the dews of the morning glistening on every uplifted leaf. In every little act of ours—in the school, the shop, the office, the bank, the home, wherever your life is situated, in task or leisure, in study or recreation—be true to your ideal, your best self. Heed the thoughts that come low and sweet and the finer feelings that stir your heart with noble impulse. Accept the duties your circumstances place upon you. Put your brave spirit into their performance. Use them that they may yield both sweetness and strength to you. Have faith in them to bring you the delight of life.

The harmonious adjustment to our surroundings, the ideal or spiritual imprinting itself upon our material activities, make us receptive to new influences. Thoughts that purify, elevate and enrich all our associations. We have not appreciated hitherto that thoughts are real things of life and have as actual an existence as any work of our hands. If culture is to grow from the present circumstance of your life, it will come from the new thought you put into your environment. We all

receive faint or clear promptings in our conscience from some higher source than our own. The exultant joy of living, and the power of our usefulness, are in measure to our receptivity to these promptings, and our earnestness in carrying out their inspirations. We listen in awe and wonder when Emerson talks about the Oversoul; but his meaning is simply this: that the good in our hearts responds to a good existing outside, and that both are supplied from the same inexhaustible source. To make an open way to receive more of this goodness is to begin now, to-day, to live up to the best light you have. If we are co-workers together with the Creator of our being, then we share in his creative energies that go to renew life, and overrule for good all conditions. If the air we breath pulsates with strength for the physical body, how much more the spiritual atmosphere around us (and of which we ourselves are a part) must vibrate with vigor for the spiritual part of our nature. If all provision is so richly made for health, beauty, and happiness for the perishable, how much greater for the eternal. These helps around us for the spiritual life are as real as light and sunshine. Let us hold ourselves receptive to their life-giving virtues as freely as we inhale the pure air.

We can learn here a lesson from mother Nature and her children. The seed sinks into the ground, nature sends the warm sun and refreshing dews. The seed does nothing but receive the influences, the powers of which, after a time, burst open the shell. A tiny root goes down into the earth, and a slender stem comes up. "*Toute semaille est une chose mystérieuse, qu'elle tombe dans le sol ou dans les âmes.*" The days of summer rain and sunshine come and go till the small vessel is so full of the light that it must give it out. Then comes a

cluster of buds. The same law that fills up a receptive vessel, plant, or human soul, will draw out for others when the complete fulness is reached. The buds burst into perfect blossom, shedding their fragrance on all. The butterflies see the radiance from afar, and the bees drink nectar from the chalices of gold.

These vital truths of the greatness and nobility of our lives sink into our hearts, and send their roots into the core of our being. We hold them before us. We meditate upon them until we have absorbed their meaning, and they burst into bloom in our daily actions. We ourselves become the truth we would carry to others. Our hearts speaking out of this fulness of love and beauty drop words sweeter than honey. "From our spiritual centre," says the author of "Thought Studies," "radiate lines that connect us with every part of the universe of God. Everything is sending its message to us. The stars, sky, clouds, air, heat, cold, landscape, flower, each and all, are transmitting their communication." When we reach that high plane of living where life is infinitely more than this or that circumstance, we find ourselves a part of the great world energy and our lives imperishable. Accept the spiritual teaching of your own heart. Use it by giving a receptive mind to its call. Believe in your aspiration as the love whisper of the still small voice that will lead you to the highest enjoyment of your life. We feel sure that Milton, sitting in the darkness and singing his great songs, must himself have entered into Paradise ere he could lead Adam there. The experience of his own life, not Adam's, evolved that deep spiritual truth of "how to live and not interrupt the sweets of life." To bring us into this joyous living is one of the most beneficent claims of culture.

It does not matter how many, but how good books you have.

SENECA.

We never tire of the friendships we form with books.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Those authors who appear sometimes to forget they are writers, and remember they are men, will be our favorites. He who writes from the heart will write to the heart.

ISAAC DISRAELI.

The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me as if I had gained a new friend; when I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

How pleasant it is to reflect that all those lovers of books have themselves become books.

LEIGH HUNT.

II.

LITERATURE.

CULTURE from books is not dependent upon the library and the well-filled cases of handsomely bound volumes that associate themselves with wealth and leisure. Culture from books is the use made of a few, rather than the accumulation of many volumes. Books have character as well as people. It is our privilege to choose high companionship in our book friends, and to grow worthy of their confidence and affection. Emerson has well said that the poet makes us feel our own wealth. This association is within reach of all, and it is that education which in itself is advancement of life. No one has placed so high a value upon books as the makers of books themselves. Those who have joined hands with that noble company give to us the key that has unlocked for them the King's Treasury and revealed the sesame within.

This key is sympathy and receptivity. These two words form the horizon that encircles humanity. To be in sympathy with the author means the training of our mind to see clearly and grasp firmly the thoughts presented, to live with the writer in the history of the past or present, to feel one's heart thrill with the heroic deeds of the race, to have our eyes enkindled with the beautiful creations raised before us. It is said of Thackeray that he had a power of going out of himself into almost every human feeling.

Literature in its true meaning is not the stringing together of pretty words and phrases, and placing them between two pasteboard covers. Literature is life itself, — your life and mine. It is the inward realm of thought in each of us which for the most part is hidden under our temporary work. The one who can see beneath the deeds and actions, and read the thoughts that are the governing aim of our lives, is the one who commands our reverence and affection. We marvel that the author has written a page from our life's history. He has fearlessly expressed our trembling aspiration. Our "warm tears attest" that he has felt our hidden sorrow. How does this writer know me? My eyes have never looked upon the hills that surround his dwelling. But he writes from the heart; and as Faust thrillingly says,

"That which issues from the heart alone
Will bend the hearts of others to your own,"

so the book reaches other hearts, bringing them into sympathy, and making them a part of the universal life of the great world about us. In company with others, our struggling aspirations find wings to soar upon their missions of love. We find consolation for our sorrow in the knowledge that it has not come to us alone.

The trials, disappointments, and sorrows in the life of the great musician Haydn only broadened his heart, and made room in it for other interests than his own, "an effect which unveils the real worth of the artist." Over his desk was the following motto, "The heart is man's title to nobility." In his sixty-fifth year Haydn says of the composition of "The Creation," "Daily I fell upon my knees and prayed God to grant me strength for the happy execution of this work." Do you wonder his countrymen loved him so tenderly? Full-grown men called him

"Papa Haydn," and stooped to kiss his hands, saying, "You have brought down fire from heaven to warm our earthly hearts, and guide us to the infinite."

Carlyle is quoted as saying, the true university of these days is a collection of books. The need, however, is not for the amassing of ideas, but for the establishing of a few strong principles that will raise the standard of personal character, and govern our relation to our associates. One of the neglected opportunities for culture from books is in making a careful selection of these friends. The intense life of our period does not leave us much time for reading, hence the greater need to choose books of established character. Sympathy with the author implies our ability to see the beauty and feel the truth of what the writer says. Receptivity means to take that beauty and truth which he pictures in every phase of life, and make it our own by working out its principle in the incidents of our day and our relations to others. Receptivity to our book friends is the highest tribute of companionship. To find the greatest pleasure in our friends' society it is not necessary that they should be always speaking. In the silent moments we are glad and happy to have them near. Unspoken or expressed, we know our thought finds in their heart a sympathetic response. So with our book friends; we close the volume, they cease to speak in words, but their presence lingers with us in real actual existence. "Material change is of little importance compared to that mental variety which is the secret of advancing life." To lay hold of new ideas, to climb new spiritual heights, is the change which is growth and development in the "World Beautiful."

Culture from books exalts the personal character, increases our knowledge of life, makes us worthy of high

companionship, and enlarges our capacity for enjoyment. What the artist paints in color, the writer paints in words. The author writes the life of my village so true to nature, that the local connection is lost sight of in the relation it bears to the universal life of the world. The characters he depicts, my neighbors, become known to all; the scenes of their trials, defeats, and victories find a counterpart in our lives, for the great experiences of life are common to all. The writer breaks down my narrow prejudice, and leads me from the village to the cosmopolitan centres of activities. "Culture," writes the author of "Culture and Books," "enables us to receive the world in such a way we possess it; it ceases to be outside, and becomes a part of our nature." "Culture," says Matthew Arnold, "is getting to know on all matters that most concern us, the best which has been said and thought in the world, and, through this knowledge, turning a stream of fresh and full thought upon our stock notions and habits—the culture we recommend is, above all, an inward operation."

Culture from books will manifest itself not in long rows of uniform volumes, nor in all the works of this or that writer, but in a refined and cultivated manhood and womanhood; a quickened intuition, a responsiveness to the various experiences that make up the daily life of the individual; an appreciation of the trials and difficulties under which another labors; strength and encouragement given them to tide over the crisis, not always in spoken words, but in swift thought; the cordial grasp of the hand, the kind glance of the eyes; all the small courtesies that belong to fine natures; and, above all, that buoyant hope and unfailing trust in the good and true in human life. It is said that Goethe's culture as a writer was less remarkable than his culture

as a man; he was a richly endowed poet no less than a richly educated man, a master both of humanity and poetry, one to whom experience had given true wisdom; a man who has suffered and done, and speaks of what he has tried and conquered.

Culture from books, in the usual acceptance, is to enrich the mind, and store up great treasures of thought in the intellectual kingdom; to pile up wealth in granaries, and enjoy it alone. This, however, did not keep life in the first century, nor will it in the twentieth. Culture lies not in what we can store up for ourselves, but in what we can give out. We acquire culture in passing our good to another. We receive culture from books when they enlarge our natures, and increase our capacity for rendering a royal service to humanity. Humanity does not mean people in some far-off country that we shall never see, but it has a personal meaning for you and your associates. "On all sides are we driven to the conclusion, that, of all the things that man can make or do here below, the most momentous, the most wonderful, are the things called books." Mr. Mabie says, "The scholar must always be, in the best sense of the word, a man of the world, — one by whom the faces and souls of men are daily read with the insight of sympathy; one to whom the great movement of humanity is the supreme fact to be felt, to be studied, to be interpreted. While the windows of his chamber are open to the fields and woods, the doors of his life are open to human need and fellowship."

Art is unquestionably one of the purest and highest elements in human happiness. It trains the mind through the eye, and the eye through the mind. As the sun colors flowers, so does art color life.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

**No beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.**

ROBERT BROWNING.

The ideal under all its forms is the anticipation and the prophetic vision of that existence, higher than its own, towards which every being perpetually aspires.

The ideal, after all, is truer than the real; for the ideal is the eternal element in perishable things.

AMIEL.

III.

ART.

ART, even more than literature, is synonymous of the culture that associates itself with education, leisure, travel, and wealth. The word art is as complex in its meaning and as manifold in its manifestation as culture. Like culture, out of the confusion of terms, it holds one simple rendering, namely, Life is Art.

The neglected opportunities for culture from art lie within ourselves. We have not tried to understand what art means or represents in its various forms and expressions. We have had only one definition, that of a collection of paintings, curios from distant lands, costly stuffs from the orient. We have left art to people who, if they did not possess these things, at least had the opportunity of seeing them, and to those who talk learnedly of this or that school of painting, the Classic, the Romantic, the Impressionist, names that bring us no knowledge, much less pleasure. Art is covered up under an array of terms and usages that separates it from the life of the multitude, and usurps its noble use in the ordinary toil of the day. We have built up a wall to keep art out, and left our own life barren of its high pleasures and enjoyment, of that part which makes life noble living instead of mere existence. Art should be a part of the common work of the day, and it belongs to each and to every life. Art is the spiritual interpretation of nature and of human life. It is the grasping,

and fixing in permanency of color, thought, form, or tone, that imperishable beauty and truth which are at the centre of all life. The artist, the poet, the sculptor, the musician, are voices of the same spirit and of a spirit that is a part of your life and mine as truly as it was of Titian, Michael Angelo, Dante, and Mozart.

All artists do not paint pictures, nor poets sing songs. It is your privilege to see below the surface of things, and to feel their true relation to each other. The clearness of vision depends upon the depth of sympathy you give. If your heart goes out to the man in the field, and you feel the dignity of labor, you, too, are a Millet, though you may not know one color from another. If you see the smile of God in the eyes of children, you, too, are an Angelico, though your angel faces may never gleam on cloister walls or your trumpeters hail the waiting throng. Art, then, is to come into sympathetic touch with the universal life about us, and to have our hearts thrilled and inspired with the wondrous beauty and truth in nature and human life.

Browning makes Fra Lippo Lippi say:—

“We’re made so that we love
First when we see them painted,
Things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see.”

The meadow increased in value for the owner after George Inness had placed his easel there. The farmer looked in surprise and wonder at the delightful picture of his own pasture-land, his cattle in shade of the oaks or in the clear sunlight. Inness had such an intense feeling for the essence of beauty in nature that his work awakens corresponding emotions in those who behold it, long after the pure colors have dried upon the palette.

My neighbor's woodland, across the open field, holds the same entrancing beauty of silvery gray as the forest of Fontainebleau, were a Corot at my window this spring morning; while a Troyon would not seek farther than the long rows of great maples that line the drive, with the sentinel firs at the head and the pet Jerseys browsing on the tender green in the pasture beyond. "But I see nothing," exclaims my fair speaker, "except the colonel's grove of trees; neither is there any picture in the drive leading up to the senator's country home; while your words, Corot and Troyon, have even less meaning than the views of which you speak." So much the worse for you, my friend, in not knowing the pleasure you miss. Seize your neglected opportunity to-day, and set about to find out what these and similar words and terms mean.

The twentieth century holds no excuse for young people not knowing something of pictures. Since the World's Fair, reproductions of good paintings have been within the reach of all. Photogravures, Copley Prints, Platinotypes, and the fine illustrations in magazines, have brought a knowledge of choice pictures within the reach of all. The growing interest in the art development of our country has made it possible for the most remote districts from the art centres to have a loan exhibit of works of art.

Whatever has been the distinguishing feature of a nation's culture has been the distinguishing feature of the individual culture. In the Golden Age of Italian Art the poorest clerk in the shop was a judge of art and an art critic, for art was a part of the daily life of the Greek. Emerson has told us that, to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not. The interpreters of the beauties of nature are those who, by

long and close observation, have entered into sympathetic companionship with her ever-changing moods. All great artists have been in closest touch with life.

It is said of Rousseau, one of the pioneers of the Barbizon School, that "his interest, delight, and enthusiasm in nature became absorption in her. He knew the secret of nature's pictorial element; he adopted her suggestions so cordially, and worked them out with such intense sympathy and harmoniousness, that the two forces seemed reciprocally to enforce each other, and the result gains many fold from their subtle co-operation." Corot's habit of contemplation marked the character of his work. He used to spend whole nights at his country home in leaning out the window, watching the sky, the trees, and the water. In his dreamy poetical interpretation of nature he remembers the gray mist, light and floating, with which the air is saturated and which always obscures the horizon of his pictures. The keynote of Corot's coloring is silvery gray, of which has been said, "Never did one use tints with such positive force and a palette whose subtilities are capable of giving such exquisite splendor." Of his life one might say the keynote was love, for he lived in an atmosphere of love and kindness which infolded all who came near him. It was the long continued intercourse with nature, and the keen observation of all her sights, that enabled Haydn to give them conscious expression in "The Creation." The fundamental principle of Haydn's character was joy in life, and contentment with the common things of the day. His wonderfully expressive tones show his deep sympathy for human life, "sorrowing with its sorrow, merry with its folly, and always intimately associated with all human action." Beethoven used to wander through the still forest at Baden, and think out

his compositions. In a memoranda he writes, "My heart overflows at the aspects of the beauties of nature." Of one of his symphonies, where he points to the higher spheres, Beethoven says that the adagio suggested itself one night when he was contemplating the starry heaven and thinking of the harmony of the spheres. He says also that the everlasting change in nature enabled him to conceive the eternal and imperishable.

This is art, — to conceive in the ceaseless changing of nature and human life the eternal and imperishable. We cannot all put this in tone, color, form, or word; but each heart has its indwelling artist spirit that can see and fix the beauty of the imperishable in its own daily life.

The whole realm of nature lies within ourselves. Corot found in his own life emotion and feeling corresponding to the scenes before him. The ever-varying change of color was his own fleeting thought, for nature has a responsive mood for every experience of the heart. The artist's palette holds complementary colors. He will not use the shade without its complementary tone. It is the law of life that two parts make a whole. The same holds good through the gamut of human life and existence. Goodness, truth, and virtue are things of life, not names only. Each experience has its complement, its other part. Duty, then, hard and harsh as it seems, has its corresponding blessing. Trial, severe as the storm may be, has its complementary action. The roots of life strike deeper down into our being, and take hold of the eternal foundations. Sorrow, dark and starless as the night, will have a dawn where the sun rises in clear sky as deep as the love of God.

Every duty or act of common service holds a responsiveness of spiritual significance. The room that you

sweep gladly and joyfully the very best you can, may not only be left fresh and in order, but also exhilarating with your thoughts of cheer and helpfulness. The weary who cross the threshold shall be refreshed, the disheartened shall be encouraged. They say only how cosy the room, how inviting. But it is not the artistic arrangement of furniture alone that has given the pleasurable feeling. It is the ministering of your pure thought to the spiritual need that sends them out rested and strengthened; unconsciously they receive the help you left, in the noble performance of your humble task. Is it not a beautiful service? and who shall say that one act holds more of spiritual significance than another? Your labor held its complementary reaction, which lay outside the brushing of dust and setting of chairs in order. Ruskin has beautifully said that the crowning virtue of all great art is that however little is left by the injuries of time that little will be lovely, so much the hand of the Master suggests his soul. So, in the smallest act, in the mere fragment of the day's work, there may be the impress of noble character.

Art, then, is life, and "great art is nothing else than the type of strong and noble life;" and as the universal characteristic of all great art is called tenderness and truth, so the universal characteristic of all great life is tenderness and truth. This manifests itself in the sweetness of spirit that permeates all the acts and deeds of the day, and creates an atmosphere that vibrates with the mysterious and magnetic influence that both charms and inspires. "The aim of culture is to make us better company as men and women of the world."

By noble searching and striving for the better, we of ourselves produce the good which we suppose we find. GOETHE.

We cannot make progress towards perfection ourselves unless we earnestly seek to carry our fellow-men along with us.

PROFESSOR J. C. SCHAIRP.

The enlargement of social relations depends far less on opportunity than on sympathy. Responsiveness, sympathy, receptivity, — these are the doors through which life enters into us and through which we go forth in life.

LILLIAN WHITING.

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IV.

SOCIETY.

CULTURE from literature and art anticipates culture from society. Literature and art are expressions of life that we may learn to know, but their ideal cannot come into our daily living except by personal contact with people. Culture from association does not come from the occasional meeting of gifted and talented people, nor the acquaintance of those who move in a select social circle. Culture from people lies in the relation held to persons of daily contact. We are to look for the fine nature in the ordinary acquaintance of neighbor and friend. If we ourselves are responsible to the best in people we will find them bringing their best to us. Not in the casual acquaintance, but in the daily association, are we to seek that refinement of thought and feeling that distinguish the cultured man or woman.

The smallest circle of acquaintance holds some one who can help you, and some one, too, who needs your help. There is a world's difference in the same experience for each individual. If you can bring a sympathetic fellow-feeling and appreciation to your neighbor's circumstance you have enlarged your own interests and knowledge of life. The world is full of beautiful silent lives, — lives that so quietly and faithfully fulfil the common duties or humble tasks, that we overlook the beneficence of their beauty and worth, until some day

the choice spirit enshrines itself elsewhere, and we find the whole community sorrowing at the departure. Such lives by their unfailing kindness, unselfish interest, and noble fortitude in the common things of the day, bring a new vision of manhood and womanhood to the world. A high ideal of life has exalted the personal character, and made it a radiating point for the divine love. Crowns of eternal life rest upon brows here, for in the present is the triumph over death and glorious entering into sanctified human life and experience.

It is our privilege to cultivate the acquaintance of those of larger opportunities, higher education, broader knowledge, and deeper sympathies. No home is so poor but that Milton will cross the threshold and sing of Paradise. No circle is so limited but what at the stone table of Emmaus will sit the royal guest who, while breaking bread for the physical need, will hand with it the bread of life. Our hearts burn within us as a search-light is thrown in upon our experience, showing its relation to others and stimulating our purpose to high endeavor.

"There is a wonderful power in us for imparting ourselves to our surroundings; the fountain of vitality constantly overflows and fertilizes everything we touch." You know how the whole house seems enlarged when a noble man or woman comes into the home. Even the old and worn furniture seems to take on a rich, mellow tone and becomes the soft, harmonious background of gray. Eyes that sparkle and gleam in wit and humor, or are dreamy and lustrous in reminiscence, throw the light of the immortal spirit over all inanimate objects. The picture swiftly paints itself in glowing, indelible colors upon the heart. The real and the ideal are united — are one. The cottage seems larger and better because of the contact

with that soul; your whole horizon of life has been enlarged. The sweep of view has extended to new regions. It is like climbing the mountain from your small home nestled at its base. Ascending the historic Lookout, you see other mountain ranges than your own and Great Smoky in distant line of hazy blue. Instead of your little garden-spot of tender green, you look out over the fields and forests of seven States, while, far below, the river winds like a silver thread and, overhead, sky and clouds meet. The bit of garden has become a portion of the entrancing scene, and dearer to you because of its part in the great beautiful vista that stretches out before you; so to see life in a noble spirit, to catch a glimpse of your bit of the world as it stands related to the universal life that touches and claims your own. The very rooms vibrate with the invisible influence of character. The door closes on the world without for the world within. The ideal and the actual commingle. The best we can dream or think becomes the real, the true. You cannot analyze the sacred charm of such a personality or recall the conversation. Much of it, perhaps, was the light play of words of the moment, like the glinting of sunshine on the forest trees. Nevertheless, you enjoy the sunlight, and feel its exhilarating warmth and glow. You know that in the heat of noonday there are cooling shades in the depths. You can smile and be happy in the playful fancies that gleam like sunbeams. In the rare sweetness and simplicity of the spirit that can pour such wealth of living into the small incidents of the day, there are also cooling shades for the heat and weariness of life's noonday. Then, too, by some mysterious alchemy sunshine and shadow in nature or human life become the self-same substance, drawing their existence from the one source. You find your actual daily life

evolving the deepest spiritual truths you have known or that the world holds.

The person of culture stands on an eminence where all men are equally related to each other. The highest good they have attained is shared with another. If one hand reaches up for the joyous possessions of life, the other hand clasps the hand of one less favored in the world's gladness. When the aim of pursuit of culture is lost in the glorious end, there culture begins. The relations one holds to his associates is the test that determines whether the culture is an outward adorning or the rich, overflowing life within that vivifies all it touches. It is said of Beethoven that when he smiled, people not only believed in him, but in humanity. To bring into our daily association fervent hope, confident assurance in the ultimate good, tenderness of kindred fellowship, is the neglected opportunity of culture of society for rendering the highest service to humanity.

I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.
JESUS.

V.

LIFE.

"The world's old;
But the old world waits the hour to be renewed;
Toward which new hearts in individual growth must quicken."

THE call of the new century will be for the highest type of cultured manhood and womanhood,—those to whom "culture is transmuted from an intellectual attainment to a spiritual grace." Culture must lead to the full rounded symmetry of character, and this means the development of our spiritual as well as our intellectual nature. "Culture must culminate into religion, and religion expand into culture." Professor Schairp writes, "Religion and culture, when rightly regarded, are not two opposite powers, but they are, as it were, one line with two opposite poles. Start from the man-ward pole, and go along the line honestly and thoroughly, and you land in the divine one. Start from the divine pole, and carry out all it implies, and you land in the man-ward pole, or perfection of humanity. Religion, or impulse of man to seek God, culture, or impulse of man to seek his own highest perfection, both come from the same divine source; and as God sees them there can be no opposition but perfect harmony between them." The neglected opportunity of culture from religion is that we accept the forms and ceremonies of Christianity for the life itself. Culture is in living the life, not in putting on its garb.

The trend of modern thought is for the spiritual interpretation of life. The eager and intense activity of the student is for truth. The world in all its fads and fancies is seeking truth. Enthusiastic sects, holding diverse opinions, claim their supreme possession of the priceless treasure. Out of the turmoil and confusion of bewildering ideas, a quiet voice says, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." The need of the present is not for culture to find a new way, but to walk in the old paths with unswerving tread, revealing the moral dignity and sterling worth of Christian character.

It is a fine quality of culture that it possesses the broad charity that takes the world into its heart, with love and sympathy for men of all creeds and of no creeds. Truth does not manifest itself to all alike. With entirely different circumstances, people stand on one common ground of fellowship, where the horizon of life holds for each something of the same aspect. Each, in widely different training, grasps the same fundamental truth—"the truth which draws through all things upward." The only life worth living is the soul life, said a surgeon of distinguished honor on both continents. The speaker's deep knowledge of the world and of men, his divine compassion, and the intrinsic value he placed upon human life, gave consequence to his words of deep searching truth.

We must learn to detach ourselves from false ideas, and to distinguish the true and real beneath the conventional and artificial, before we can enter into the great and true relations of life. Great life only can reach simplicity of living. As "it takes a great deal of life to make a little art," so it takes a great deal of life to learn how to live. One lives not only in his individual work, but a noble spirit perpetuates itself

in every life it comes in contact with. Victor Hugo gives us the briefest sketch of the good bishop; but every act in the after life of Jean Valjean shows his heart reverberating to the potency of the bishop's whisper, "My brother, you no longer belong to evil but to good." Valjean himself becomes that good, and it glows with a "magnificent radiance" in his life. The bishop had a strange way, says Hugo; and he quaintly adds, "I suspect that he obtained it from the Gospels;" he told the best truths, which are the most simple. If we ourselves are the incarnation of the truth we speak, it creates the condition in which others can receive that truth and grow into conformity with it. We have not begun to realize the significance of those quiet words, "I am the way, the truth and the life," nor will we until their literal translation is impersonated in our daily living. The spiritual is the creative world of thought, emotion, and action; and its realm is not in some far-off sphere, but in our own souls. We have not commenced to draw upon our resources within. It is impossible to do so until we have brought our life into perfect harmony with the higher power that controls it. We acquire the art of living from him alone who said, "Learn of me." Through this source only, we possess the life more abundant, which rejoicingly and exultantly flows through all the channels of our activities, renewing the spirit's perennial beauty, and awakening into life and action the innate qualities of goodness that lie dormant till the divine spark kindles into flame.

The hunger and thirst of higher desires and aspirations push us out; and we go questioning here and yonder, only to be brought back to ourselves, and hear a voice within asking, "Whom seekest thou?" In startled surprise we wonderingly ask, "Master, where dwellest

thou?" The illimitable tenderness of the response, "Come and see," makes us so eager to possess him that we let go everything else, and, behold, he possesses us. Our hearts are flooded with the luminous light of love and truth. The revelation brings a knowledge of one's self. Where we felt hedged in and hampered we are now free. Where we were bitter and rebellious we are now "led forth with peace." Where we thought God cold and stern we feel the infinite love that will not even break a leaf that is tossed to and fro, and we know for a certainty that the smallest detail of our life has the Creator's thought and care. "We have found him" — the centre of our being. He is our Saviour from ourselves. To find God is the romance of every soul.

The practical recognition of this higher Personality is our deepest experience, and the one that embraces all others, and regulates all our actions. When we get at the centre of self, and live in a higher Personality, we see the true purpose of our life. No soul feels a completeness in its self. David cried out, "I am alone as a sparrow upon the house-top;" but Jesus said, "I am not alone, the Father is with me. I and the Father are one;" perfected humanity and deified Godhead. Culture "leads us out with joy" when it brings us that oneness of spirit with the higher Personality in our lives. For there is a Christ in every human heart sent to earth. Perfected humanity is for you, and all the world hopes to reach or to become lives within the immortal spirit of the individual. The supremacy of culture will reveal itself in magnanimous service for others. Aurora Leigh says to Romney, —

"Beloved, we must be here to work;
And men who work, can only work for men,
And, not to work in vain, must comprehend

Humanity, and so work humanly,
And raise men's bodies still by raising souls,
As God did, first.

The man most man, with tenderest human hands,
Works best for men — as God in Nazareth."

